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County of Galway, there is a holy well dedicated to St. Augustine, and the whole parish is said to be under his patronage; a brook separates it from the adjoining parish of Aughrim; and it is strange to see the men working on the same day on one side of the brook and lounging about on the other wholly unoccupied.

Holy wells and charms of various kinds are also much in vogue in the neighbourhood of Valentia and Cahirciveen, in the County Kerry. There is a holy well, too, in Murragh parish much frequented, in the neighbourhood of Bandon. Priests' graves are also much visited in various parts of the country; one near Skibbereen has many visitors for miraculous cures. Men are not unfrequently seen gathering clay on the supposed grave of St. Patrick, at Downpatrick; and in one place which I have heard of in the county of Cork there is a popular superstition that the earth which comes from the grave of a priest has great healing powers when mixed with water and *actually drank!* In another, near Magherafelt, Priest Michel's grave is considered so efficacious in curing diseases, that the earth of it is almost all carried away to place beside the sick in bed. I could multiply instances of similar superstition, but probably the above samples will be as much as you may have room for at the present.—Yours truly,

VIATOR.

THE ADVENTURES OF A JUMPER.

MR. EDITOR.—As Jerry and I were coming home yesterday after the day's work, we heard such a hullabaloo that you'd think the Russians had taken the town; and when we came nearer, we saw the reader in the middle of the street and all the idle gossoons in the parish around him; and whenever he'd try to say a word they'd set up a screech that you'd hear a mile off, and then they'd sing a ballad against the readers; and here's the first verse—

"O, ye Bilemen, soupers, and jumpers,
No wonder ye work for your pay;
For ye knock out an illegant living
By leading poor souls the wrong way.
But it's little ye care for the murder
Of any unfortunate souls
While you have, instead of wet lumpers,
Your beef, and your bacon, and rowls."

And then one fellow would cry out, "A groan for the jumpers;" and another would cry, "How are you off for soup?" and then the women began, and sure enough 'twas nothing till they opened at him. They gave him the length and breadth of the English language in abuse, and when that failed them they took to the Irish, and I'll engage 'twas they that gave tongue. But at last old Larry Poole, the pensioner, came out, and says he to the reader, "What's setting all the people against you this way?" "Well," says he, "the only harm I done was to read the Douay Bible in one of the houses hard by; that's the worst fault they can lay to my charge." "Anyhow," says Larry, "I'm an old soldier, and I don't like to see a hundred against one, for that's not fair play; so come into my house until they're gone." So the reader went in, and we followed him; and when the door was shut, old Larry says to the reader, "I thought that a decent man like you would have more sense than to be vexing the people by reading a book that they don't like." "Well," says the reader, "I'm sorry to see that there are some amongst them that don't wish to hear God's Word; but there are others that do, and it's my duty to read it for them; and," says he, "a man should do his duty whether it brings him good will or ill will." "I'll never say against that," says Larry; "for that's a soldier's motto—always to do his duty, no matter what comes of it; and," says he, "you had great patience entirely with them, and I think the better of you for not returning their curses and abuse." "Sir," says the reader, "that was as much my duty as the reading; for my Master's commands are strict—'love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you'; so that I was only obeying orders." "And good orders they are," says Larry, "whoever gave them to you." "They are the orders of our Lord Jesus Christ," says the reader. "But," says Larry, "don't you see that it's quite useless to be talking to the likes of them; if you were to be at it for five years you'd never make converts of them." "Well," says the reader, "I didn't expect to hear that argument from an old soldier; and I'll go bail you didn't argue that way yourself when your officer gave the word of command, but you did your best to obey orders, even when there didn't seem the least chance of success." "True for you," says old Larry; "we'd have marched up to the cannon's mouth if we were ordered; and," says he, "I was one of the forlorn hope that stormed the breach at Sebastian, and there wasn't one amongst us that expected to come back alive; but that made no difference, for we knew our duty, and determined to do it. So when the captain gave the word, on we went, though we felt that we were marching to our death, and though shot and shell fell amongst us, though friends and comrades perished by our sides, we never stopped until the breach was won. I lost an arm, but I never grudged it; for I was only doing my duty, and fighting for my king and country." "Well," says the reader, "that's the very way with us; we're obeying the orders of the Great Captain of our salvation, and when you stood bravely by your earthly commander, why

should we flinch from our heavenly captain, who laid down his life for ours. We, Protestants, consider that we are obeying the orders of our Lord Jesus Christ in sending the message of salvation to benighted savages and to ignorant heathens, and we think it *still more our duty* to make the gospel known to our fellow-countrymen at home. We don't lose courage even though success should at times appear doubtful, for our word of command is—"forward," and our motto—"Ireland expects that every man will do his duty." "Well," says Larry, "the never a one of me can blame you for reading the Bible to the people, so long as you think it your duty; but," says he, "tell us what was it that first made yourself turn Protestant?" "Well," says the reader, "strange to say, 'twas a sermon from a priest." "How was that?" says he. "Why," says he, "the controversy was going on for a long time, but I never minded it good or bad. I never went to a lecture or meeting, for I was quite certain that we were right; but one Sunday the priest made a great attack on the Bible, he said that 'twas the devil's book, and only fit to be burned, and he ordered any one that had a Bible to bring it to him at once, or he'd put his heavy curse on them. So this set me thinking, and says I to myself, though I don't know a word that's in the Bible, still one thing is plain, that it must be against the priests or they wouldn't be so much against it; and shortly after I seen a notice from the Protestants, saying that they'd sell Douay Bibles to Roman Catholics at half-price; so I put this and that together, and says I to myself, surely the Bible must be for the Protestants or they'd never be giving it out this way. So after a while I got one, and I wasn't long reading it when I seen that I was right. I found that it was *for* the Protestants and *dead against the priests*." "Did you become a Protestant then?" says Jerry. "No," says the reader, "not for a couple of years after. I kept on reading the Bible, and when I found that 'twas clear against us I got very uneasy in my mind, and I'd say to myself, surely that can't be a safe Church to live in that's opposed to God's word, and surely it can't be a safe Church to die in; and how can I tell what day God may call me out of this world, and then what's to become of my precious soul. But, still, though I seen plainly that the Church of Rome was wrong, many things hindered me from coming out openly; there was the pain of leaving the religion that I was born and bred in; for though I had long ceased to put any trust in it, and hadn't gone to chapel for many a day, still 'twas a very different thing to have to give it up publicly, by going to church, and then there was the shame of having the neighbours pointing to me as a turn-coat, for at that time I thought more of man's praise than God's; and then there was the fear of being put out of work, and the terrible curse that would be laid on me, so I did my best not to think of the errors that I seen, and I strove to banish the matter entirely from my mind, but all wouldn't do. I heard the voice of God constantly saying, 'Go out from her that you be not partaker of her sins, and that you receive not of her plagues';^b and then conscience got strong in me, and began to say, 'You're ashamed to confess Jesus Christ; but remember what He says himself, 'He that shall be ashamed of my words, of him the Son of Man shall be ashamed when He shall come in his majesty, and that of his Father, and of the holy angels'; and then I'd say to myself, if I turn the priests will set the people at me, and I'll be fairly killed. But, then, that verse would come into my mind, 'Fear ye not them that kill the body, and are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear Him that can destroy both soul and body into hell.'^c And then I'd try to get off of it, by saying to myself, if I turn the poor chilid will be starved, for no one will dare sell us a pound of flour, or a loaf of bread; but, then, that verse came to me, 'Man liveth not by bread alone, but by every word of God.'^d And then I'd say to myself, if I turn, 'twill be the death of my poor old father and mother; but, then, I'd remember the words of our blessed Lord, 'He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me.'^e So when I found that all the excuses couldn't give peace to my mind, I at last determined to do my duty, no matter what it cost, and I left the Church of Rome for ever." "And when you turned did you get all the bad treatment you expected?" says Jerry. "I did," says he, "and more than I could tell you. 'Twas a sore trial, and if God hadn't supported me I never could have stood it; for it's hard on a man to have to give up the religion that has twined around his heart from the years of childhood; and it's hard on him to have to quit the old chapel where his forefathers had knelt and prayed; and it's hard on him that his bones can't rest near the bones of them he loved, but must be laid in a strange grave, where none belonging to him were ever laid before; and it's hard on him to have a cry raised after him, as if he was a mad dog, and to see the neighbours, who were once kind and loving, now become his bitterest foes, and even the very children shrinking from him, and crossing themselves when he passes by, as if he was an evil spirit; and it's hard on him to have to leave the old house where he spent many a happy day, and to go out on the cold world without a friend and without home, and to have the awful curse pronounced against him that separates him from his fellow-men, and makes him an unclean thing, whose very presence is pollution—that fearful curse, whose blighting influence is supposed to descend upon its victim, and then follow him, step by step, in his course through life, wither-

ing all that he loves, tracking him even to the grave, and then clinging to his soul in the other world, and blasting him for ever. All this is hard for flesh and blood to bear, but I knew that 'twould be harder still to bear the anger of God, so I held on to the truth, and I've never repented it. 'I cast my care upon the Lord, and he sustained me.'^f I lost many of my earthly friends, but I found one that was worth them all, even the friend that sticketh closer than a brother. I gave up house, and home, and friends, and relatives; but I can say, with David, 'though my father and my mother have left me, the Lord hath taken me up.'^g I can now put my trust in Him for the future, and say, 'the Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? the Lord is the protector of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?' 'And,' says he, "my greatest desire now is to make known to others the salvation that has given peace to my own soul; and," says he, "it surprises me entirely that Roman Catholics should be angry with the Protestant minister for reasoning with them; sure it's nothing but love for your souls that makes them speak to you; and, if they didn't love you, they wouldn't trouble themselves about you; if they didn't love you, they wouldn't care whether you had Bibles or not; but it's because they love you they are always urging you to get the word of God and read it for yourselves." "Well," says Jerry, "that's the truth anyhow; for the never a bit do they gain by it but trouble." "That's all, then," says the reader, "as you know right well; and," says he, "suppose that every Roman Catholic in Kilovenogue became a Protestant tomorrow, would the ministers be anything the better by it? No, they wouldn't get a penny more than they do at present, and they'd have to visit you when you were sick, and to christen you, and marry you, and bury you, without getting a farthing more than they do now; and," says he, "'twould be much easier for the ministers to let you go your own way, and then they wouldn't have the trouble of giving lectures, and holding meetings, and printing papers, all on your account; but," says he, "they love you, and they care for your souls, and they consider it their duty to strive to make the truth known to you, and that's the only motive they have in carrying on the controversy; and now," says he, "I'll ask you a fair question, and give me a fair answer. Can any one of you tell me any other motive they could have?" Well, sir, we had to allow that we couldn't see any other reason; so the reader says again to us, "Boys," says he, "put it out of your heads entirely that the ministers have any ill will towards you, and if any one tells you that they don't love you, don't believe him, but use your own common sense, and you must see that their only motive in speaking to you is because they love you, and desire the salvation of your souls;" and with that he left us.

Your humble servant to command,

DAN CARTHY.

We have received a letter, signed "John Smith," as to the propriety of inserting which we feel doubtful. This journal is intended for the discussion of the points at issue between the Church of England and the Church of Rome, and not of those between the Church of England and dissenters. Should we, indeed, be addressed by an inquiring Roman Catholic, convinced of the errors of his own Church, but undecided as to what body of Christians he should join himself, we should then not scruple to travel a little beyond what we consider our proper province in maintaining the claims of our Church. Under the belief that the letter of Mr. John Smith came from such a person, we had actually put it in type, together with an answer to it. On reading his letter, however, more carefully, we find that Mr. Smith nowhere states that he is a Roman Catholic, and this materially alters our opinion as to the propriety of inserting his letter. If Mr. John Smith be a Protestant, and cannot satisfy his difficulties about the Prayer-book by a reference to any of the eminent liturgical writers, we recommend him to address his letter to some of the periodicals published by the members of the Church of England. The *United Church Journal*, for instance, has contained several discussions on the subject on which Mr. Smith writes, and doubtless would willingly insert his letter.

But if Mr. John Smith can state that he is a Roman Catholic, we think that he ought to begin with what he promises to do next, namely—to discuss some of the points of difference between the Church of England and the Church of Rome. When we have satisfied him on these points, we shall then have no objection to insert his present letter, which we shall keep in type for any reasonable time for the purpose.

FARM OPERATIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

Bere may be sown early in the month, either for soiling or for seed. Plough or dig the land into 6 or 8 feet ridges, harrow and sow, at the rate of 12 to 16 stone per Irish acre; harrow, lightly, and finish by covering with the shovels from the furrows; it requires a richer and more friable soil than rye.

Cabbages.—By the middle or end of the month make the misses amongst the cabbages planted out last October, and prepare for, and plant out, a successional breath from the nursery beds.

^b Matt. v. 24. ^c Luke ix. 27. ^d Matt. x. 28. ^e Luke iv. 4. ^f Matt. x. 37.

^g Psalm liv. 23. ^h Psalm xxvi. 1. ⁱ Psalm xxvi. 1.